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# GRADED POETRY

SEVENTH YEAR

EDITED BY

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PRINCIPAL GIRLS' DEPARTMENT PUBLIC SCHOOL NO. 6,  
NEW YORK CITY

AND

GEORGIA ALEXANDER

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## INTRODUCTION

POETRY is the chosen language of childhood and youth. . The baby repeats words again and again for the mere joy of their sound : the melody of nursery rhymes gives a delight which is quite independent of the meaning of the words. Not until youth approaches maturity is there an equal pleasure in the rounded periods of elegant prose. It is in childhood therefore that the young mind should be stored with poems whose rhythm will be a present delight and whose beautiful thoughts will not lose their charm in later years.

The selections for the lowest grades are addressed primarily to the feeling for verbal beauty, the recognition of which in the mind of the child is fundamental to the plan of this work. The editors have felt that the inclusion of critical notes in these little books intended for elementary school children would be not only superfluous, but, in the degree in which critical comment drew the child's attention from the text, subversive of the desired result. Nor are there any notes on methods. The best way to teach children to love a poem is to read it inspiringly to them. The French say : "The ear is the pathway to the heart." A poem should be so read that it will sing itself in the hearts of the listening children.

In the brief biographies appended to the later books the human element has been brought out. An effort has been made to call attention to the education of the poet and his equipment for his life work rather than to the literary qualities of his style.



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## SEVENTH YEAR — FIRST HALF

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

ENGLAND, 1564-1616

Good name in man and woman, dear my lord,  
Is the immediate jewel of their souls:  
Who steals my purse steals trash; 'tis something,  
nothing;  
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;  
But he that filches from me my good name 5  
Robs me of that which not enriches him  
And makes me poor indeed.

— "OTHELLO," Act II, Sc. 3.

*Puck.* How now, spirit! whither wander you?

*Fairy.* Over hill, over dale,  
Thorough bush, thorough brier, 10  
Over park, over pale,  
Thorough flood, thorough fire,  
I do wander everywhere,  
Swifter than the moon's sphere;  
And I serve the fairy queen, 15  
To dew her orbs upon the green.



The cowslips tall her pensioners be :  
In their gold coats spots you see ;  
Those be rubies, fairy favors,  
In those freckles live their savors :

- 5 I must go seek some dew-drops here,  
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.  
Farewell, thou lob of spirits ; I'll be gone ;  
Our queen and all our elves come here anon.

*Puck.* The king doth keep his revels here to-night :

- 10 Take heed the queen come not within his sight ;  
For Oberon is passing fell and wrath,  
Because that she, as her attendant, hath  
A lovely boy, stol'n from an Indian king ;  
She never had so sweet a changeling :  
15 And jealous Oberon would have the child  
Knight of his train, to trace the forests wild ;  
But she perforce withholds the lovèd boy,  
Crowns him with flowers and makes him all her joy :  
And now they never meet in grove or green,  
20 By fountain clear, or spangled starlight sheen,  
But they do square, that all their elves for fear  
Creep into acorn-cups and hide them there.

*Fairy.* Either I mistake your shape and making  
quite

- Or else you are that shrewd and knavish sprite  
25 Call'd Robin Goodfellow : are you not he  
That frights the maidens of the villagery ;  
Skim milk, and sometimes labor in the quern,  
And bootless make the breathless housewife churn ;

And sometimes makes the drink to bear no barm ;  
 Misleads night-wanderers, laughing at their harm ?  
 Those that Hobgoblin call you and sweet Puck,  
 You do their work, and they shall have good-luck :  
 Are not you he ?

*Puck.*                      Thou speak'st aright : 5  
 I am that merry wanderer of the night.  
 I jest to Oberon, and make him smile  
 When I a fat and bean-fed horse beguile,  
 Neighing in likeness of a filly foal :  
 And sometimes lurk I in a gossip's bowl, 10  
 In very likeness of a roasted crab ;  
 And, when she drinks, against her lips I bob  
 And on her wither'd dewlap pour the ale.  
 The wisest aunt, telling the saddest tale,  
 Sometime for three-foot stool mistaketh me ; 15  
 Then slip I from her, when down topples she,  
 And "tailor" cries, and falls into a cough ;  
 And then the whole quire hold their hips and laugh  
 And waxen in their mirth and neeze and swear  
 A merrier horn was never wasted there. 20  
 But, room, fairy ! here comes Oberon.

*Fairy.* And here my mistress. — Would that he  
 were gone !

— "A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM," Act II, Sc. 1.

This royal throne of kings, this scepter'd isle,  
 This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,

This other Eden, demi-paradise ;  
This fortress built by Nature for herself  
Against infection and the hand of war ;  
This happy breed of men, this little world,  
5 This precious stone set in the silver sea,  
Which serves it in the office of a wall,  
Or as a moat defensive to a house,  
Against the envy of less happier lands ;  
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England.

— "RICHARD II," Act II, Sc. 1.

10 Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way,  
And merrily hent the stile-a :  
A merry heart goes all the day,  
Your sad tires in a mile-a.

— FROM "WINTER'S TALE."

---

### The Downfall of Wolsey

Farewell ! a long farewell, to all my greatness !  
15 This is the state of man : to-day he puts forth  
The tender leaves of hopes ; to-morrow blossoms,  
And bears his blushing honors thick upon him ;  
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost ;  
And, when he thinks, good easy man, full surely  
20 His greatness is a ripening, nips his root,  
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventured,  
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,  
This many summers in a sea of glory,

But far beyond my depth : my high-blown pride  
 At length broke under me ; and now has left me,  
 Weary and old with service, to the mercy  
 Of a rude stream, that must forever hide me.  
 Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye : 5  
 I feel my heart new opened. O, how wretched  
 Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favors !  
 There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,  
 That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,  
 More pangs and fears than wars or women have : 10  
 And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,  
 Never to hope again.

— From "HENRY VIII."

---

BEN JONSON

ENGLAND, 1574-1637

### The Noble Nature

It is not growing like a tree  
 In bulk doth make man better be ;  
 Or standing long an oak, three hundred year, 15  
 To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sere ;  
     A lily of a day  
     Is fairer far in May,  
 Although it fall and die that night, —  
 It was the plant and flower of Light. 20  
 In small proportions we just beauties see,  
 And in short measures life may perfect be.

JOHN MILTON

ENGLAND, 1608-1674

**Song on a May Morning**

Now the bright morning star, day's harbinger,  
Comes dancing from the east, and leads with her  
The flowery May, who from her green lap throws  
The yellow cowslip and the pale primrose.

- 5 Hail, bounteous May, that dost inspire  
Mirth and youth and warm desire!  
Woods and groves are of thy dressing,  
Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.  
Thus we salute thee with our early song,  
10 And welcome thee, and wish thee long.

ISAAC WATTS

ENGLAND, 1674-1748

O God, our help in ages past,  
Our hope for years to come,  
Our shelter from the stormy blast,  
And our eternal home:

- 15 Before the hills in order stood,  
Or earth received her frame,  
From everlasting Thou art God,  
To endless years the same.

A thousand ages in Thy sight  
Are like an evening gone ;  
Short as the watch that ends the night  
Before the rising sun.

Time, like an ever-rolling stream, 5  
Bears all its sons away ;  
They fly forgotten, as a dream  
Dies at the opening day.

O God, our help in ages past,  
Our hope for years to come, 10  
Be Thou our guard while troubles last,  
And our eternal home.

---

WILLIAM COWPER

ENGLAND, 1731-1800

**The Diverting History of John Gilpin**

John Gilpin was a citizen  
Of credit and renown,  
A trainband captain eke was he 15  
Of famous London town.

John Gilpin's spouse said to her dear,  
"Though wedded we have been  
These twice ten tedious years, yet we  
No holiday have seen. 20

"To-morrow is our wedding day,  
And we will then repair  
Unto the Bell at Edmonton  
All in a chaise and pair.

5 "My sister, and my sister's child,  
Myself, and children three,  
Will fill the chaise; so you must ride  
On horseback after we."

He soon replied, "I do admire  
10 Of womankind but one,  
And you are she, my dearest dear,  
Therefore it shall be done.

"I am a linendraper bold,  
As all the world doth know,  
15 And my good friend the calender  
Will lend his horse to go."

Quoth Mrs. Gilpin, "That's well said;  
And for that wine is dear,  
We will be furnished with our own,  
20 Which is both bright and clear."

John Gilpin kiss'd his loving wife;  
O'erjoyed was he to find,  
That, though on pleasure she was bent,  
She had a frugal mind.

The morning came, the chaise was brought,  
But yet was not allow'd  
To drive up to the door, lest all  
Should say that she was proud.

5

So three doors off the chaise was stay'd,  
Where they did all get in;  
Six precious souls, and all agog  
To dash through thick and thin.

Smack went the whip, round went the wheels,  
 Were never folks so glad,  
 The stones did rattle underneath,  
 As if Cheapside were mad.

John Gilpin at his horse's side  
Seized fast the flowing mane,  
And up he got, in haste to ride, 15  
But soon came down again ;

For saddletree scarce reach'd had he  
His journey to begin,  
When, turning round his head, he saw  
Three customers come in. 20

So down he came; for loss of time,  
Although it grieved him sore,  
Yet loss of pence, full well he knew,  
Would trouble him much more.



'Twas long before the customers  
Were suited to their mind,  
When Betty screaming came downstairs,  
“The wine is left behind !”

5 “Good lack !” quoth he — “yet bring it me,  
My leathern belt likewise,  
In which I bear my trusty sword  
When I do exercise.”

Now Mistress Gilpin (careful soul !)  
10 Had two stone bottles found,  
To hold the liquor that she loved  
And keep it safe and sound.

Then over all, that he might be  
Equipp'd from top to toe,  
15 His long red cloak, well brush'd and neat,  
He manfully did throw.

Now see him mounted once again  
Upon his nimble steed,  
Full slowly pacing o'er the stones,  
20 With caution and good heed.

But finding soon a smoother road  
Beneath his well-shod feet,  
The snorting beast began to trot,  
Which gall'd him in his seat.

"So, fair and softly," John he cried,  
But John he cried in vain;  
That trot became a gallop soon,  
In spite of curb and rein.

So stooping down, as needs he must 5  
Who cannot sit upright,  
He grasp'd the mane with both his hands,  
And eke with all his might.

His horse, who never in that sort 10  
Had handled been before,  
What thing upon his back had got  
Did wonder more and more.

Away went Gilpin, neck or nought;  
Away went hat and wig;  
He little dreamt, when he set out, 15  
Of running such a rig.

The wind did blow, the cloak did fly,  
Like streamer long and gay,  
Till, loop and button failing both,  
At last it flew away. 20

Then might all people well discern  
The bottles he had slung;  
A bottle swinging at each side,  
As hath been said or sung.

The dogs did bark, the children scream'd,  
Up flew the windows all;  
And every soul cried out, "Well done!"  
As loud as he could bawl.

5       Away went Gilpin — who but he?  
          His fame soon spread around,  
      "He carries weight! he rides a race!  
      'Tis for a thousand pound!"

10       And still as fast as he drew near,  
          'Twas wonderful to view,  
      How in a trice the turnpike men  
          Their gates wide open threw.

15       And now, as he went bowing down  
          His reeking head full low,  
      The bottles twain behind his back  
          Were shatter'd at a blow.

20       Down ran the wine into the road,  
          Most piteous to be seen,  
      Which made his horse's flanks to smoke  
          As they had basted been.

But still he seem'd to carry weight,  
With leathern girdle braced;  
For all might see the bottle necks  
Still dangling at his waist.

Thus all through merry Islington  
These gambols did he play,  
Until he came unto the Wash  
Of Edmonton so gay;

And there he threw the wash about 5  
On both sides of the way,  
Just like unto a trundling mop,  
Or a wild goose at play.

At Edmonton his loving wife  
From the balcony spied 10  
Her tender husband, wondering much  
To see how he did ride.

“Stop, stop, John Gilpin! — here’s the house,”  
They all at once did cry;  
“The dinner waits, and we are tired:” 15  
Said Gilpin — “So am I!”

But yet his horse was not a whit  
Inclined to tarry there;  
For why? — his owner had a house  
Full ten miles off, at Ware. 20

So like an arrow swift he flew,  
Shot by an archer strong;  
So did he fly — which brings me to  
The middle of my song.

Away went Gilpin out of breath,  
And sore against his will,  
Till at his friend the calender's  
His horse at last stood still.

5       The calender, amazed to see  
          His neighbor in such trim,  
Laid down his pipe, flew to the gate,  
And thus accosted him :

10       “What news? what news? your tidings tell;  
          Tell me you must and shall —  
Say why bareheaded you are come,  
Or why you come at all?”

15       Now Gilpin had a pleasant wit,  
          And loved a timely joke;  
And thus unto the calender  
In merry guise he spoke :

20       “I came because your horse would come;  
          And, if I well forbode,  
My hat and wig will soon be here,  
They are upon the road.”

The calender, right glad to find  
His friend in merry pin,  
Return'd him not a single word,  
But to the house went in;

Whence straight he came with hat and wig,  
A wig that flow'd behind,  
A hat not much the worse for wear,  
Each comely in its kind.

He held them up, and in his turn 5  
Thus show'd his ready wit,  
"My head is twice as big as yours,  
They therefore needs must fit.

"But let me scrape the dirt away  
That hangs upon your face; 10  
And stop and eat, for well you may  
Be in a hungry case."

Said John, "It is my wedding day,  
And all the world would stare,  
If wife should dine at Edmonton, 15  
And I should dine at Ware."

So turning to his horse, he said,  
"I am in haste to dine;  
'Twas for your pleasure you came here,  
You shall go back for mine." 20

Ah luckless speech, and bootless boast !  
For which he paid full dear;  
For, while he spake, a braying ass  
Did sing most loud and clear;

Whereat his horse did snort, as he  
Had heard a lion roar,  
And gallop'd off with all his might,  
As he had done before.

5       Away went Gilpin, and away  
      Went Gilpin's hat and wig:  
      He lost them sooner than at first,  
      For why? — they were too big.

10       Now Mistress Gilpin, when she saw  
      Her husband posting down  
      Into the country far away,  
      She pull'd out half a crown;

      And thus unto the youth she said,  
      That drove them to the Bell,  
15       “‘This shall be yours, when you bring back  
      My husband safe and well.”

      The youth did ride, and soon did meet  
      John coming back amain;  
      Whom in a trice he tried to stop,  
20       By catching at his rein;

      But not performing what he meant,  
      And gladly would have done,  
      The frightened steed he frightened more,  
      And made him faster run.

Away went Gilpin, and away  
Went postboy at his heels,  
The postboy's horse right glad to miss  
The lumbering of the wheels.

Six gentlemen upon the road, 5  
Thus seeing Gilpin fly,  
With postboy scampering in the rear,  
They raised the hue and cry : —

“Stop thief ! stop thief ! — a highwayman !”  
Not one of them was mute ; 10  
And all and each that passed that way  
Did join in the pursuit.

And now the turnpike gates again  
Flew open in short space ;  
The toll-men thinking as before, 15  
That Gilpin rode a race.

And so he did, and won it too,  
For he got first to town ;  
Nor stopp'd till where he had got up  
He did again get down. 20

Now let us sing, “Long live the king,  
And Gilpin long live he ;”  
And when he next doth ride abroad,  
May I be there to see !



## ROBERT BURNS

SCOTLAND, 1759-1796

## Bannockburn

## Robert Bruce's Address to his Army

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,  
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led,  
Welcome to your gory bed  
Or to victorie!

5      Now's the day, and now's the hour;  
See the front o' battle lower;  
See approach proud Edward's power —  
Chains and slaverie!

10      Wha will be a traitor knave?  
Wha can fill a coward's grave?  
Wha sae base as be a slave?  
Let him turn and flee!

15      Wha for Scotland's king and law  
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,  
Freeman stand, or freeman fa',  
Let him follow me!

20      By oppression's woes and pains!  
By your sons in servile chains!  
We will drain our dearest veins,  
But they shall be free!

Lay the proud usurpers low !  
Tyrants fall in every foe !  
Liberty's in every blow !—  
Let us do or die !

---

**My Heart's in the Highlands**

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here; 5  
My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer;  
Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe,  
My heart's in the Highlands, wherever I go.  
Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to the North,  
The birthplace of valor, the country of worth: 10  
Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,  
The hills of the Highlands forever I love.

Farewell to the mountains high covered with snow;  
Farewell to the straths and green valleys below;  
Farewell to the forests and wild-hanging woods; 15  
Farewell to the torrents and loud-pouring floods.  
My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here,  
My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer;  
Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe,  
My heart's in the Highlands, wherever I go. 20

## WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

ENGLAND, 1770-1850

## The Solitary Reaper

Behold her, single in the field,  
Yon solitary Highland lass,  
Reaping and singing by herself;  
Stop here, or gently pass!

5 Alone she cuts and binds the grain,  
And sings a melancholy strain;  
Oh, listen! for the vale profound  
Is overflowing with the sound.

10 No nightingale did ever chant  
So sweetly to reposing bands  
Of travelers in some shady haunt  
Among Arabian sands:  
A voice so thrilling ne'er was heard  
15 In springtime from the cuckoo-bird,  
Breaking the silence of the seas  
Among the farthest Hebrides.

Will no one tell me what she sings?  
Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow  
For old, unhappy, far-off things,  
20 And battles long ago:  
Or is it some more humble lay,  
Familiar matter of to-day,

Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,  
That has been, and may be again?

Whate'er the theme, the maiden sang  
As if her song could have no ending;  
I saw her singing at her work, 5  
And o'er the sickle bending.  
I listened motionless and still;  
And, as I mounted up the hill,  
The music in my heart I bore  
Long after it was heard no more. 10

## Sonnet

Composed upon Westminster Bridge, September 3, 1802

Earth has not anything to show more fair :  
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by  
A sight so touching in its majesty :  
This city now doth like a garment wear  
The beauty of the morning; silent, bare, 15  
Ships, towers, domes, theaters, and temples lie  
Open unto the fields and to the sky;  
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.  
Never did sun more beautifully steep  
In his first splendor valley, rock, or hill; 20  
Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep !  
The river glideth at his own sweet will :

Dear God ! the very houses seem asleep ;  
And all that mighty heart is lying still !

---

WALTER SCOTT

SCOTLAND, 1771-1832

**“Soldier, Rest !”**

- Soldier, rest ! thy warfare o'er,  
Sleep the sleep that knows no breaking ;  
5 Dream of battle-fields no more,  
Days of danger, nights of waking,  
In our isle's enchanted hall,  
Hands unseen thy couch are strewing,  
Fairy strains of music fall,  
10 Every sense in slumber dewing.  
Soldier, rest ! thy warfare o'er,  
Sleep the sleep that knows no breaking ;  
Dream of battle-fields no more,  
Morn of toil, nor night of waking.  
15 No rude sound shall reach thine ear,  
Armor's clang, or war-steed champing,  
Trump nor pibroch summon here,  
Mustering clan, or squadron tramping.  
Yet the lark's shrill fife may come,  
20 At the daybreak from the fallow,

And the bittern sound his drum,  
Booming from the sedgy shallow.  
Ruder sounds shall none be near,  
Guards nor warders challenge here;  
Here's no war-steed's neigh and champing, 5  
Shouting clans or squadrons stamping.

Huntsman, rest! thy chase is done;  
While our slumb'rous spells assail ye,  
Dream not with the rising sun,  
Bugles here shall sound reveille. 10  
Sleep! the deer is in his den;  
Sleep! thy hounds are by thee lying;  
Sleep! nor dream in yonder glen,  
How thy gallant steed lay dying.  
Huntsman, rest! thy chase is done; 15  
Think not of the rising sun,  
For at dawning to assail ye,  
Here no bugle sounds reveille.

---

**Lochinvar**

Oh, young Lochinvar is come out of the west;  
Through all the wide border his steed was the best; 20  
And save his good broad-sword he weapon had none;  
He rode all unarmed, and he rode all alone.  
So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,  
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

He stayed not for brake, and he stopp'd not for stone,  
He swam the Eske River where ford there was none;  
But ere he alighted at Netherby gate,  
The bride had consented, the gallant came late;  
5 For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,  
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he enter'd the Netherby Hall,  
Among bride's-men, and kinsmen, and brothers, and all:  
Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword,  
10 (For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word,)  
"O come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,  
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar?" —

"I long woo'd your daughter, my suit you denied; —  
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide —  
15 And now am I come, with this lost love of mine,  
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.  
There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far,  
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar."

The bride kiss'd the goblet: the knight took it up,  
20 He quaff'd off the wine, and he threw down the cup.  
She look'd down to blush, and she look'd up to sigh,  
With a smile on her lips, and a tear in her eye.  
He took her soft hand, ere her mother could bar, —  
"Now tread we a measure!" said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,  
 That never a hall such a galliard did grace;  
 While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,  
 And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and  
 plume;  
 And the bride-maidens whisper'd, "'Twere better by  
 far, 5  
 To have match'd our fair cousin with young Lochin-  
 var."

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,  
 When they reach'd the hall-door, and the charger  
 stood near:  
 So light to the croup the fair lady he swung,  
 So light to the saddle before her he sprung! 10  
 "She is won! we are gone, over bank, bush, and scaur;  
 They'll have fleet steeds that follow," quoth young  
 Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Graemes of the Netherby  
 clan;  
 Fosters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and  
 they ran:  
 There was racing and chasing, on Cannobie Lee, 15  
 But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.  
 So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,  
 Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar?



## FRANCIS SCOTT KEY

AMERICA, 1780-1843

**The Star-Spangled Banner<sup>1</sup>**

O say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,  
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last  
gleaming —

Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the  
clouds of the fight

O'er the ramparts we watched were so gallantly  
streaming!

5 And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air,  
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still  
there.

O! say, does the star-spangled banner yet wave  
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave?

On that shore dimly see through the mists of the deep  
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence

10       reposes,

What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,  
As it fitfully blows, now conceals, now discloses?  
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,

<sup>1</sup> The song is taken as it appears in Stedman and Hutchinson's *Library of American Literature*, vol. iv. p. 419. The text, slightly different from the common one, corresponds to the facsimile of a copy made by Mr. Key in 1840.

In full glory reflected now shines on the stream;  
'Tis the star-spangled banner; O long may it wave  
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave!

And where is that band who so vauntingly swore  
That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion 5  
A home and a country should leave us no more?  
Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps'  
pollution.

No refuge could save the hireling and slave  
From the terror of flight, or the gloom of the grave;  
And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave 10  
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

O! thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand  
Between their loved homes and war's desolation!  
Blest with victory and peace, may the heav'n rescued  
land

Praise the power that hath made and preserved us  
a nation. 15

Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,  
And this be our motto — "*In God is our trust.*"  
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave  
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

## THOMAS CAMPBELL

SCOTLAND, 1777-1844

## Hohenlinden

On Linden when the sun was low,  
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow,  
And dark as winter was the flow  
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

5 But Linden saw another sight  
When the drum beat, at dead of night,  
Commanding fires of death to light  
The darkness of her scenery.

10 By torch and trumpet fast array'd  
Each horseman drew his battle-blade,  
And furious every charger neigh'd,  
To join the dreadful revelry.

15 Then shook the hills with thunder riven,  
Then rush'd the steed to battle driven,  
And louder than the bolts of heaven  
Far flash'd the red artillery.

20 But redder yet that light shall glow  
On Linden's hills of stained snow,  
And darker yet shall be the flow  
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

'Tis morn, but scarce yon lurid sun  
Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun,  
Where furious Frank and fiery Hun  
Shout in their sulphurous canopy.

The combat deepens. On, ye Brave, 5  
Who rush to glory, or the grave!  
Wave, Munich, all thy banners wave!  
And charge with all thy chivalry!

Few, few, shall part where many meet!  
The snow shall be their winding-sheet, 10  
And every turf beneath their feet  
Shall be a soldier's sepulcher.

---

THOMAS MOORE

IRELAND, 1779-1852

### **The Harp that once through Tara's Halls**

The harp that once through Tara's halls  
The soul of music shed,  
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls 15  
As if that soul were fled.  
So sleeps the pride of former days,  
So glory's thrill is o'er,  
And hearts that once beat high for praise,  
Now feel that pulse no more. 20

No more to chiefs and ladies bright  
The harp of Tara swells :  
The chord alone that breaks at night,  
Its tale of ruin tells.  
5 Thus freedom now so seldom wakes,  
The only throb she gives  
Is when some heart indignant breaks,  
To show that still she lives.

---

GEORGE GORDON NOEL, LORD BYRON

ENGLAND, 1788-1824

**Childe Harold's Farewell to England**

Adieu, adieu ! my native shore  
10 Fades o'er the waters blue ;  
The night-winds sigh, the breakers roar,  
And shrieks the wild sea mew.  
Yon sun that sets upon the sea,  
We follow in his flight ;  
15 Farewell awhile to him and thee,  
My native land — Good-night.  
  
A few short hours and he will rise  
To give the morrow birth ;  
And I shall hail the main and skies,  
20 But not my mother earth.

Deserted is my own good hall,  
Its hearth is desolate;  
Wild weeds are gathering on the wall;  
My dog howls at the gate.

“Come hither, hither, my little page! 5  
Why dost thou weep and wail?  
Or dost thou dread the billows’ rage,  
Or tremble at the gale?  
But dash the tear-drop from thine eye;  
Our ship is swift and strong; 10  
Our fleetest falcon scarce can fly  
More merrily along.”

“Let winds be shrill, let waves roll high,  
I fear not wave nor wind :  
Yet marvel not, Sir Childe, that I  
Am sorrowful in mind ;  
For I have from my father gone,  
A mother whom I love,  
And have no friends, save thee alone,  
But thee — and One above.

“My father blessed me fervently,  
Yet did not much complain;  
But sorely will my mother sigh  
Till I come back again.” —  
“Enough, enough, my little lad!  
Such tears become thine eye;

If I thy guileless bosom had,  
Mine own would not be dry."

---

### The Night before Waterloo

There was a sound of revelry by night,  
And Belgium's capital had gather'd then  
5 Her beauty and her Chivalry, and bright  
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men;  
A thousand hearts beat happily; and when  
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,  
Soft eyes look'd love to eyes which spake again,  
10 And all went merry as a marriage bell;  
But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising  
knell!

Did ye not hear it? — No; 'twas but the wind,  
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street;  
On with the dance! let joy be unconfined;  
15 No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure meet  
To chase the glowing Hours with flying feet.  
But hark! that heavy sound breaks in once more,  
As if the clouds its echo would repeat;  
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!  
20 Arm! arm! it is—it is—the cannon's opening roar!

Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,  
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,

And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago  
 Blush'd at the praise of their own loveliness;  
 And there were sudden partings, such as press  
 The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs  
 Which ne'er might be repeated: who could guess 5  
 If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,  
 Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise!

And there was mounting in hot haste: the steed,  
 The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,  
 Went pouring forward with impetuous speed, 10  
 And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;  
 And the deep thunder peal on peal afar;  
 And near, the beat of the alarming drum  
 Roused up the soldier ere the morning star;  
 While throng'd the citizens with terror dumb, 15  
 Or whispering with white lips — "The foe!  
 They come! they come!"

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,  
 Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay,  
 The midnight brought the signal-sound of strife, 20  
 The morn the marshaling in arms — the day  
 Battle's magnificently stern array!  
 The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which when rent  
 The earth is cover'd thick with other clay,  
 Which her own clay shall cover, heap'd and pent, 25  
 Rider and horse — friend, foe — in one red burial blent!

— FROM "CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE."



## HENRY FRANCIS LYTE

ENGLAND, 1793-1847

## Abide with Me

Abide with me! Fast falls the eventide;  
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide:  
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,  
Help of the helpless, O abide with me.

5 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;  
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;  
Change and decay in all around I see;  
O Thou who changest not, abide with me.

I need Thy presence every passing hour;  
10 What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?  
Who, like Thyself, my guide and stay can be?  
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me.

I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless:  
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.  
15 Where is Death's sting? Where, Grave, thy victory?  
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes,  
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies;

Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows  
flee;

In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

---

THOMAS HOOD

ENGLAND, 1798-1845

**November**

No sun — no moon !

No morn — no noon —

No dawn — no dusk — no proper time of day — 5

No sky — no earthly view —

No distance looking blue —

No road — no street — no "t'other side the way" —

No end to any Row —

No indications where the crescents go — 10

No top to any steeple —

No recognitions of familiar people —

No courtesies for showing 'em —

No knowing 'em !

No traveling at all — no locomotion — 15

No inkling of the way — no notion —

"No go" — by land or ocean —

No mail — no post —

No news from any foreign coast —

No park — no ring — no afternoon gentility —

No company — no nobility — 20

No warmth, no cheerfulness, no healthful ease,  
No comfortable feel in any member —  
No shade, no shine, no butterflies, no bees,  
No fruits, no flowers, no leaves, no birds —  
5 November !

---

THOMAS B. MACAULAY

ENGLAND, 1800-1859

**Horatius at the Bridge**

The consul's brow was sad, and the consul's speech  
was low,  
And darkly looked he at the wall, and darkly at the foe.  
"Their van will be upon us before the bridge goes  
down;  
And if they once may win the bridge, what hope to  
save the town?"  
Then out spoke brave Horatius, the captain of the  
10 gate :  
"To every man upon this earth death cometh, soon  
or late.  
Hew down the bridge, Sir Consul, with all the speed  
ye may;  
I, with two more to help me, will hold the foe in play.  
In yon strait path a thousand may well be stopped  
by three.

Now who will stand on either hand, and keep the  
bridge with me?"

Then out spake Spurious Lartius — a Ramnian proud  
was he —

"Lo! I will stand at thy right hand, and keep the  
bridge with thee."

And out spake strong Herminius — of Titian blood  
was he —

"I will abide on thy left side, and keep the bridge  
with thee." 5

"Horatius," quoth the consul, "as thou sayest, so  
let it be."

And straight against that great array, forth went the  
dauntless three.

Soon all Etruria's noblest felt their hearts sink to  
see

On the earth the bloody corpses, in the path the  
dauntless three.

And from the ghastly entrance, where those bold  
Romans stood, 10

The bravest shrank like boys who rouse an old bear  
in the wood.

But meanwhile ax and lever have manfully been  
plied,

And now the bridge hangs tottering above the boiling  
tide.

"Come back, come back, Horatius!" loud cried the  
fathers all:

"Back, Lartius! back, Herminius! back, ere the  
ruin fall!"

Back darted Spurious Lartius; Herminius darted  
back;

And, as they passed, beneath their feet they felt the  
timbers crack;

But when they turned their faces, and on the farther  
shore

Saw brave Horatius stand alone, they would have  
5 crossed once more.

But, with a crash like thunder, fell every loosened  
beam,

And, like a dam, the mighty wreck lay right athwart  
the stream.

And a long shout of triumph rose from the walls of  
Rome,

As to the highest turret-tops was splashed the yellow  
foam.

And, like a horse unbroken, when first he feels the  
10 rein,

The furious river struggled hard, and tossed his  
tawny mane,

And burst the curb, and bounded, rejoicing to be free,  
And battlement, and plank, and pier whirled headlong  
to the sea.

Alone stood brave Horatius, but constant still in  
mind;

Thrice thirty thousand foes before, and the broad  
flood behind.

"Down with him!" cried false Sextus, with a smile  
on his pale face.

"Now yield thee!" cried Lars Porsena, "now yield  
thee to our grace!"

Round turned he, as not deigning those craven ranks  
to see;

Nought spake he to Lars Porsena, to Sextus nought  
spake he; 5

But he saw on Palatinus the white porch of his home,  
And he spoke to the noble river that rolls by the  
towers of Rome:

"O Tiber! Father Tiber! to whom the Romans  
pray,

A Roman's life, a Roman's arms, take thou in charge  
this day!"

So he spake, and, speaking, sheathed the good sword  
by his side, 10

And, with his harness on his back, plunged headlong  
in the tide.

No sound of joy or sorrow was heard from either  
bank;

But friends and foes, in dumb surprise, stood gazing  
where he sank,

And when above the surges they saw his crest appear,

Rome shouted, and e'en Tuscany could scarce forbear  
to cheer.

But fiercely ran the current, swollen high by months  
of rain :

And fast his blood was flowing; and he was sore in  
pain,

And heavy with his armor, and spent with changing  
blows :

And oft they thought him sinking — but still again  
5 he rose.

Never, I ween, did swimmer, in such an evil case,  
Struggle through such a raging flood safe to the landing  
place :

But his limbs were borne up bravely by the brave  
heart within,

And our good Father Tiber bare bravely up his chin.

“Curse on him !” quoth false Sextus; “will not the  
10 villain drown ?

But for his stay, ere close of day we should have  
sacked the town !”

“Heaven help him !” quoth Lars Porsena, “and bring  
him safe to shore ;

For such a gallant feat of arms was never seen before.”

And now he feels the bottom ; — now on dry earth  
he stands ;

Now round him throng the fathers to press his gory  
hands.

And now, with shouts and clapping, and noise of  
weeping loud,

He enters through the river gate, borne by the joyous  
crowd.



# SEVENTH YEAR — SECOND HALF

ALFRED TENNYSON

ENGLAND, 1809-1892

## Early Spring

Once more the Heavenly Power  
Makes all things new,  
And domes the red-plow'd hills  
With loving blue;  
5 The blackbirds have their wills,  
The throistles too.

Opens a door in Heaven;  
From skies of glass  
A Jacob's ladder falls  
10 On greening grass,  
And o'er the mountain-walls  
Young angels pass.

Before them fleets the shower,  
And bursts the buds,  
15 And shine the level lands,  
And flash the floods;  
The stars are from their hands  
Flung thro' the woods.

The woods with living airs  
How softly fann'd,  
Light airs from where the deep,  
All down the sand,  
Is breathing in his sleep,  
Heard by the land.

5

O follow, leaping blood,  
The season's lure !  
O heart, look down and up  
Serene, secure.  
Warm as the crocus cup,  
Like snowdrops, pure !

10

Past, Future, glimpse and fade  
Thro' some slight spell,  
A gleam from yonder vale,  
Some far blue fell,  
And sympathies, how frail,  
In sound and smell.

15

Till at thy chuckled note,  
Thou twinkling bird,  
The fairy fancies range,  
And, lightly stirr'd,  
Ring little bells of change  
From word to word.

20

For now the Heavenly Power  
Makes all things new,

25

And thaws the cold, and fills  
The flower with dew ;  
The blackbirds have their wills,  
The poets too.

---

### The Bugle Song

5 The splendor falls on castle walls  
And snowy summits old in story :  
The long light shakes across the lakes,  
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.  
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,  
10 Blow, bugle ; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O hark, O hear ! how thin and clear,  
And thinner, clearer, farther going !  
O sweet and far from cliff and scar  
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing !  
15 Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying :  
Blow, bugle ; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O love, they die in yon rich sky,  
They faint on hill or field or river :  
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,  
20 And grow forever and forever.  
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,  
And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.

## The Charge of the Light Brigade

Half a league, half a league,

Half a league onward,

## All in the valley of death

Rode the six hundred.

**“Forward, the Light Brigade !**

5

Charge for the guns!" he said;

## Into the valley of death

Rode the six hundred.

**“Forward, the Light Brigade!”**

Was there a man dismayed?

10

Not though the soldier knew

Some one had blundered ;

Theirs not to make reply,

Theirs not to reason why,

Theirs but to do and die:

15

## Into the valley of death

Rode the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,

Cannon to left of them,

## Cannon in front of them

20

Volleyed and thundered ;

Stórméd at with shot and shell,

Boldly they rode and well,

Into the jaws of death,  
Into the mouth of hell  
Rode the six hundred.

5        Flashed all their sabers bare,  
Flashed as they turned in air  
Sabring the gunners there,  
Charging an army, while  
All the world wondered.  
10       Plunged in the battery smoke,  
Right through the line they broke;  
Cossack and Russian  
Reeled from the saber-stroke —  
Shattered and sundered.  
Then they rode back, but not —  
15       Not the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,  
Cannon to left of them,  
Cannon behind them  
Volleyed and thundered;  
20       Stormed at with shot and shell,  
While horse and hero fell,  
They that had fought so well  
Came through the jaws of death,  
Back from the mouth of hell,  
25       All that was left of them,  
Left of six hundred.

When can their glory fade?  
Oh, the wild charge they made!  
All the world wondered.  
Honor the charge they made,  
Honor the Light Brigade,  
Noble six hundred!

5

---

### **Ring Out, Wild Bells**

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,  
The flying cloud, the frosty light;  
The year is dying in the night:  
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

10

Ring out the old, ring in the new,  
Ring, happy bells, across the snow;  
The year is going, let him go;  
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,  
For those that here we see no more;  
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,  
Ring in redress to all mankind.

15

Ring out a slowly dying cause,  
And ancient forms of party strife;  
Ring in the nobler modes of life,  
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

20

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,  
The faithless coldness of the times;  
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,  
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

5 Ring out false pride in place and blood,  
The civic slander and the spite;  
Ring in the love of truth and right,  
Ring in the common love of good.

10 Ring out old shapes of foul disease;  
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;  
Ring out the thousand wars of old,  
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

15 Ring in the valiant man and free,  
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;  
Ring out the darkness of the land,  
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

— FROM "IN MEMORIAM."

ALFRED DOMETT

ENGLAND, 1811-1887

## A Christmas Hymn

It was the calm and silent night !  
Seven hundred years and fifty-three  
Had Rome been growing up to might,  
And now was queen of land and sea.  
No sound was heard of clashing wars ; 5  
Peace brooded o'er the hushed domain :  
Apollo, Pallas, Jove, and Mars  
Held undisturbed their ancient reign,  
In the solemn midnight,  
Centuries ago. 10

'Twas in the calm and silent night !  
The senator of haughty Rome,  
Impatient, urged his chariot's flight,  
From lordly revel rolling home ;  
Triumphal arches, gleaming, swell 15  
His breast with thoughts of boundless sway ;  
What recked the Roman what befell  
A paltry province far away,  
In the solemn midnight,  
Centuries ago. 20

Within that province far away  
Went plodding home a weary boor ;



A streak of light before him lay,  
Fallen through a half-shut stable-door  
Across his path. He passed — for naught  
Told what was going on within ;  
5 How keen the stars, his only thought ;  
The air how calm and cold and thin,  
In the solemn midnight,  
Centuries ago !

Oh, strange indifference ! low and high  
10 Drowsed over common joys and cares ;  
The earth was still — but knew not why ;  
The world was listening, unawares.  
How calm a moment may precede  
One that shall thrill the world for ever !  
15 To that still moment none would heed,  
Man's doom was linked no more to sever —  
In the solemn midnight,  
Centuries ago !

It is the calm and solemn night !  
20 A thousand bells ring out, and throw  
Their joyous peals abroad, and smite  
The darkness — charmed and holy now !  
The night that erst no name had worn,  
To it a happy name is given ;  
25 For in that stable lay, new-born,  
The peaceful Prince of Earth and Heaven,  
In the solemn midnight,  
Centuries ago !

ROBERT BROWNING

ENGLAND, 1812-1889

**Home-Thoughts from Abroad**

Oh, to be in England  
Now that April's there,  
And whoever wakes in England  
Sees, some morning unaware,  
That the lowest boughs and the brushwood sheaf 5  
Round the elm tree bole are in tiny leaf,  
While the chaffinch sings on the orchard bough  
In England — now !

And after April, when May follows,  
And the whitethroat builds and all the swallows ! 10  
Hark, where my blossomed pear tree in the hedge  
Leans to the field and scatters on the clover  
Blossoms and dewdrops, at the bent spray's edge —  
That's the wise thrush ; he sings each song twice over,  
Lest you should think he never could recapture 15  
The first fine careless rapture !  
And though the fields look rough with hoary dew,  
All will be gay when noontide wakes anew  
The buttercups, the little children's dower —  
Far brighter than this gaudy melon-flower ! 20

**Pheidippides**

First I salute this soil of the blessed, river and rock !  
Gods of my birthplace, dæmons and heroes, honor  
to all !

Then I name thee, claim thee for our patron, co-equal  
in praise

— Ay, with Zeus the Defender, with Her of the ægis  
and spear !

5 Also ye of the bow and the buskin, praised be your peer,  
Now, henceforth and forever, — O latest to whom  
I upraise

Hand and heart and voice ! For Athens, leave pas-  
ture and flock !

Present to help, potent to save, Pan — patron I call !

Archons of Athens, topped by the tettix, see, I return !  
See, 'tis myself here standing alive, no specter that  
10 speaks !

Crowned with the myrtle, did you command me,  
Athens and you,

“Run, Pheidippides, run and race, reach Sparta for  
aid !

Persia has come, we are here, where is She ?” Your  
command I obeyed,

Ran and raced : like stubble, some field which a fire  
runs through

15 Was the space between city and city ; two days, two  
nights did I burn

Over the hills, under the dales, down pits and up  
peaks.

Into their midst I broke: breath served but for  
"Persia has come!

Persia bids Athens proffer slaves'-tribute, water and  
earth;

Razed to the ground is Eretria — but Athens, shall  
Athens sink,

Drop into dust and die — the flower of Hellas utterly  
die, 5

Die with the wide world spitting at Sparta, the stupid,  
the stander-by?

Answer me quick, what help, what hand do you  
stretch o'er destruction's brink?

How — when? No care for my limbs! — there's  
lightning in all and some —

Fresh and fit your message to bear, once lips give it  
birth!"

O my Athens — Sparta love thee? Did Sparta re-  
spond? 10

Every face of her leered in a furrow of envy, mistrust,  
Malice, — each eye of her gave me its glitter of grati-  
fied hate!

Gravely they turned to take counsel, to cast for  
excuses. I stood

Quivering, — the limbs of me fretting as fire frets,  
an inch from dry wood:

"Persia has come, Athens asks aid, and still they  
debate?

Thunder, thou Zeus! Athene, are Spartans a quarry  
beyond

Swing of thy spear? Phoibos and Artemis, clang  
them 'Ye must'!"

No bolt launched from Olumpos! Lo, their answer  
at last!

"Has Persia come, — does Athens ask aid, — may  
5 Sparta befriend?

Nowise precipitate judgment — too weighty the  
issue at stake!

Count we no time lost time which lags thro' respect  
to the Gods!

Ponder that precept of old, 'No warfare, whatever  
the odds

In your favor, so long as the moon, half-orbed, is  
unable to take

Full-circle her state in the sky!' Already she rounds  
10 to it fast:

Athens must wait, patient as we — who judgment  
suspend."

Athens, — except for that sparkle, — thy name, I  
had moldered to ash!

That sent a blaze thro' my blood; off, off and away  
was I back,

—Not one word to waste, one look to lose on the  
false and the vile!

Yet “O Gods of my land!” I cried, as each hillock  
and plain,

Wood and stream, I knew, I named, rushing past  
them again,

“Have ye kept faith, proved mindful of honors we  
paid you erewhile?

Vain was the filleted victim, the fulsome libation!

Too rash

5

Love in its choice, paid you so largely service so slack!

“Oak and olive and bay,—I bid you cease to  
enwreathe

Brows made bold by your leaf! Fade at the Persian’s  
foot,

You that, our patrons were pledged, should never  
adorn a slave!

Rather I hail thee, Parnes,—trust to thy wild  
waste tract!

10

Treeless, herbless, lifeless mountain! What matter if  
slacked

My speed may hardly be, for homage to crag and to  
cave

No deity deigns to drape with verdure?—at least I  
can breathe,

Fear in thee no fraud from the blind, no lie from  
the mute!”

Such my cry as, rapid, I ran over Parnes' ridge;  
Gully and gap I clambered and cleared till, sudden,  
a bar

Jutted, a stoppage of stone against me, blocking the  
way.

Right! for I minded the hollow to traverse, the  
fissure across:

“Where I could enter, there I depart by! Night  
5 in the fosse?

Athens to aid? Tho' the dive were thro' Erebos,  
thus I obey —

Out of the day dive, into the day as bravely arise!  
No bridge

Better!” — when — ha! what was it I came on, of  
wonders that are?

There, in the cool of a cleft, sat he — majestic  
Pan!

Ivy drooped wanton, kissed his head, moss cushioned  
10 his hoof;

All the great God was good in the eyes grave-kindly  
— the curl

Carved on the bearded cheek, amused at a mortal's  
awe

As, under the human trunk, the goat-thighs grand I  
saw.

“Halt, Pheidippides!” — halt I did, my brain of a  
whirl:

"Hither to me! Why pale in my presence?" he gracious began:

"How is it, — Athens, only in Hellas, holds me aloof?

"Athens, she only, rears me no fane, makes me no feast!

Wherefore? Than I what godship to Athens more helpful of old?

Aye, and still, and forever her friend! Test Pan, trust me!

Go, bid Athens take heart, laugh Persia to scorn, have faith

In the temples and tombs! Go, say to Athens, 'The Goat-God saith:

When Persia — so much as strews not the soil — is cast in the sea,

Then praise Pan who fought in the ranks with your most and least,

Goat-thigh to greaved-thigh, made one cause with the free and the bold!

"Say Pan saith: 'Let this, foreshowing the place, be the pledge!'"

(Gay, the liberal hand held out this herbage I bear — Fennel, — I grasped it a-tremble with dew — whatever it bode),

"While, as for thee . . ." But enough! He was gone. If I ran hitherto —



Be sure that the rest of my journey, I ran no longer,  
but flew.

Parnes to Athens — earth no more, the air was my  
road;

Here am I back. Praise Pan, we stand no more on the  
razor's edge!

Pan for Athens, Pan for me! I too have a guerdon  
rare!

Then spoke Miltiades. "And thee, best runner of  
5 Greece,

Whose limbs did duty indeed, — what gift is promised  
thyself?

Tell it us straightway, — Athens the mother demands  
of her son!"

Rosily blushed the youth: he paused: but, lifting  
at length

His eyes from the ground, it seemed as he gathered  
the rest of his strength

Into the utterance — "Pan spoke thus: 'For what  
10 thou hast done

Count on a worthy reward! Henceforth be allowed  
thee release

From the racer's toil, no vulgar reward in praise or  
in pelf!"

"I am bold to believe, Pan means reward the most  
to my mind!

Fight I shall, with our foremost, wherever this fennel  
may grow, —  
Pound — Pan helping us — Persia to dust, and,  
under the deep,  
Whelm her away forever; and then, — no Athens  
to save, —  
Marry a certain maid, I know keeps faith to the  
brave, —  
Hie to my house and home: and, when my children  
shall creep 5  
Close to my knees, — recount how the God was awful  
yet kind,  
Promised their sire reward to the full — rewarding  
him — so!”

Unforeseeing one! Yes, he fought on the Marathon  
day:  
So, when Persia was dust, all cried “To Akropolis!  
Run, Pheidippides, one race more! the meed is thy  
due! 10  
‘Athens is saved, thank Pan,’ go shout!” He flung  
down his shield,  
Ran like fire once more: and the space ’twixt the  
Fennel-field  
And Athens was stubble again, a field which a fire  
runs through,  
Till in he broke: “Rejoice, we conquer!” Like wine  
thro’ clay,

Joy in his blood bursting his heart, he died — the  
bliss!

So, to this day, when friend meets friend, the word of  
salute

Is still "Rejoice!" — his word which brought rejoic-  
ing indeed.

So is Pheidippides happy forever, — then noble  
strong man

Who could race like a god, bear the face of a god,  
whom a god loved so well,

5 He saw the land saved he had helped to save, and  
was suffered to tell

Such tidings, yet never decline, but, gloriously as  
he began,

So to end gloriously — once to shout, thereafter be  
mute:

"Athens is saved!" — Pheidippides dies in the shout  
for his meed.

---

## HELEN HUNT JACKSON

AMERICA, 1831-1885

### A Song of Clover

10

I wonder what the Clover thinks, —  
Intimate friend of Bob-o'-links,  
Lover of Daisies slim and white,

Waltzer with Buttercups at night ;  
Keeper of Inn for traveling Bees,  
Serving to them wine-dregs and lees,  
Left by the Royal Humming Birds,  
Who sip and pay with fine-spun words ; 5  
Fellow with all the lowliest,  
Peer of the gayest and the best ;  
Comrade of winds, beloved of sun,  
Kissed by the Dew-drops, one by one ;  
Prophet of Good-Luck mystery 10  
By sign of four which few may see ;  
Symbol of Nature's magic zone,  
One out of three, and three in one ;  
Emblem of comfort in the speech  
Which poor men's babies early reach ; 15  
Sweet by the roadsides, sweet by rills,  
Sweet in the meadows, sweet on hills,  
Sweet in its white, sweet in its red, —  
Oh, half its sweetness cannot be said ; —  
Sweet in its every living breath, 20  
Sweetest, perhaps, at last, in death !  
Oh ! who knows what the Clover thinks ?  
No one ! unless the Bob-o'-links !

— "SAXE HOLM."

LEWIS CARROLL

AMERICA, 1832-1890

## A Song of Love

Say, what is the spell, when her fledglings are  
cheeping,

That lures the bird home to her nest ?

Or wakes the tired mother, whose infant is weeping,  
To cuddle and croon it to rest ?

What the magic that charms the glad babe in her  
5 arms,

Till it cooes with the voice of the dove ?

'Tis a secret, and so let us whisper it low —  
And the name of the secret is Love !

For I think it is Love,

10 For I feel it is Love,

For I'm sure it is nothing but Love !

Say, whence is the voice that when anger is burning,  
Bids the whirl of the tempest to cease ?

That stirs the vexed soul with an aching — a yearning  
15 For the brotherly hand-grip of peace ?

Whence the music that fills all our being — that  
thrills

Around us, beneath, and above ?

'Tis a secret : none knows how it comes, or it goes —

But the name of the secret is Love!  
For I think it is Love,  
For I feel it is Love,  
For I'm sure it is nothing but Love!

Say, whose is the skill that paints valley and hill,      5  
Like a picture so fair to the sight?  
That flecks the green meadow with sunshine and  
shadow,  
Till the little lambs leap with delight?  
'Tis a secret untold to hearts cruel and cold,  
Though 'tis sung, by the angels above,      10  
In notes that ring clear for the ears that can hear —  
And the name of the secret is Love!  
For I think it is Love,  
For I feel it is Love,  
For I'm sure it is nothing but Love!      15

---

ANDREW LANG

ENGLAND, 1844—

### Scythe Song

Mowers, weary and brown, and blithe,  
What is the word methinks you know,  
Endless over-word that the Scythe  
Sings to the blades of the grass below?

Scythes that swing in the grass and clover,  
Something, still, they say as they pass;  
What is the word that, over and over,  
Sings the Scythe to the flowers and grass?

- 5        *Hush, ah hush, the Scythes are saying,  
Hush, and heed not, and fall asleep;  
Hush, they say to the grasses swaying;  
Hush, they sing to the clover deep!  
Hush — 'tis the lullaby Time is singing —*
- 10    *Hush, and heed not, for all things pass;  
Hush, ah hush! and the Scythes are swinging  
Over the clover, over the grass!*
- 

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE

ENGLAND, 1837—

### White Butterflies

- Fly, white butterflies, out to sea,  
Frail, pale wings for the wind to try,  
15    Small white wings that we scarce can see,  
Fly!

- Some fly light as a laugh of glee,  
Some fly soft as a long, low sigh;  
All to the haven where each would be,  
20        Fly!

RUDYARD KIPLING

ENGLAND, 1885-

Recessional

A Victorian Ode

God of our fathers, known of old —  
 Lord of our far-flung battle line —  
 Beneath whose awful hand we hold  
 Dominion over palm and pine —  
 Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet, 5  
 Lest we forget — lest we forget !

The tumult and the shouting dies —  
 The captains and the kings depart —  
 Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,  
 An humble and a contrite heart. 10  
 Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,  
 Lest we forget — lest we forget !

Far-called our navies melt away —  
 On dune and headland sinks the fire —  
 Lo, all our pomp of yesterday. 15  
 Is one with Nineveh and Tyre !  
 Judge of the nations, spare us yet,  
 Lest we forget — lest we forget !

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose  
 Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe — 20



Such boasting as the Gentiles use,  
Or lesser breeds without the Law —  
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,  
Lest we forget — lest we forget !

- 5 For heathen heart that puts her trust  
In reeking tube and iron shard —  
All valiant dust that builds on dust,  
And guarding calls not Thee to guard.  
For frantic boast and foolish word,  
10 Thy mercy on Thy people, Lord !

Amen.

---

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

AMERICA, 1794-1878

To a Waterfowl

Whither, midst falling dew,  
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,  
Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue  
Thy solitary way ?

- 15 Vainly the fowler's eye  
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,  
As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,  
Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink  
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,  
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink  
On the chafed ocean side?

There is a Power whose care 5  
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast —  
The desert and illimitable air —  
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned,  
At that far height, the cold, thin atmosphere, 10  
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,  
Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end;  
Soon shalt thou find a summer home and rest,  
And scream among thy fellows; reeds shall bend, 15  
Soon, o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou'rt gone, the abyss of heaven  
Hath swallowed up thy form; yet, on my heart  
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,  
And shall not soon depart. 20

He who, from zone to zone,  
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,  
In the long way that I must tread alone,  
Will lead my steps aright.

### The Death of the Flowers

The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the  
year,  
Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and meadows  
brown and sear.  
Heaped in the hollows of the grove, the autumn leaves  
lie dead;  
They rustle to the eddying gust, and to the rabbit's  
tread;  
The robin and the wren are flown, and from the shrubs  
5 the jay,  
And from the wood-top calls the crow through all  
the gloomy day.

Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers, that  
lately sprang and stood  
In brighter light and softer airs, a beauteous sister-  
hood?  
Alas! they all are in their graves, the gentle race of  
flowers  
Are lying in their lowly beds with the fair and good  
10 of ours.  
The rain is falling where they lie, but the cold Novem-  
ber rain  
Calls not from out the gloomy earth the lovely ones  
again.

The windflower and the violet, they perished long ago,  
And the brier rose and the orchis died amid the summer glow;  
But on the hills the goldenrod, and the aster in the wood,  
And the yellow sunflower by the brook, in autumn beauty stood,  
Till fell the frost from the clear, cold heaven, as falls  
the plague on men, 5  
And the brightness of their smile was gone from up-land, glade, and glen. .

And now when comes the calm, mild day, as still  
such days will come,  
To call the squirrel and the bee from out their winter home;  
When the sound of dropping nuts is heard, though all  
the trees are still,  
And twinkle in the smoky light the waters of the rill, 10  
The south wind searches for the flowers whose fragrance late he bore,  
And sighs to find them in the wood and by the stream  
no more.

And then I think of one who in her youthful beauty  
died,  
The fair, meek blossom that grew up, and perished  
by my side.

In the cold, moist earth we laid her, when the forest  
cast the leaf,  
And we wept that one so lovely should have a life so  
brief:  
Yet not unmeet was it that one like that young friend  
of ours,  
So gentle and so beautiful, should perish with the  
flowers.

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## RALPH WALDO EMERSON

AMERICA, 1803-1882

- 5 'Twas one of the charmed days  
When the genius of God doth flow,  
The wind may alter twenty ways,  
A tempest cannot blow;  
It may blow north, it still is warm;  
10 Or south, it still is clear;  
Or east, it smells like a clover-farm;  
Or west, no thunder fear.  
The musing peasant lowly great  
Beside the forest water sate;  
15 The rope-like pine roots crosswise grown  
Compose the network of his throne;  
The wide lake, edged with sand and grass,  
Was burnished to a floor of glass,  
Painted with green and proud

Of the tree and of the cloud.  
He was the heart of all the scene;  
On him the sun looked more serene;  
To hill and cloud his face was known, —  
It seemed the likeness of their own; 5  
They knew by secret sympathy  
The public child of earth and sky.  
“You ask,” he said, “what guide  
Me through trackless thickets led,  
Through thick-stemmed woodlands rough and wide. 10  
I found the water’s bed.  
The watercourses were my guide;  
I traveled grateful by their side,  
Or through their channel dry;  
They led me through the thicket damp, 15  
Through brake and fern, the beaver’s camp,  
Through beds of granite cut my road,  
And their resistless friendship showed:  
The falling waters led me,  
The foodful waters fed me, 20  
And brought me to the lowest land,  
Unerring to the ocean sand.  
The moss upon the forest bark  
Was pole-star when the night was dark;  
The purple berries in the wood 25  
Supplied me necessary food;  
For Nature ever faithful is  
To such as trust her faithfulness.

When the forest shall mislead me,  
When the night and morning lie,  
When sea and land refuse to feed me,  
'Twill be time enough to die;  
5 Then will yet my mother yield  
A pillow in her greenest field,  
Nor the June flowers scorn to cover  
The clay of their departed lover."

—FROM "WOODNOTES."

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HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

AMERICA, 1807-1882

**Daybreak**

10      A wind came up out of the sea,  
And said, "O mists, make room for me."  
  
It hailed the ships, and cried, "Sail on,  
Ye mariners, the night is gone."  
  
And hurried landward far away,  
Crying, "Awake! it is the day."  
  
15      It said unto the forest, "Shout!  
Hang all your leafy banners out!"  
  
It touched the wood-bird's folded wing,  
And said, "O bird, awake and sing."

And o'er the farms, "O chanticleer,  
Your clarion blow; the day is near."

It whispered to the fields of corn,  
"Bow down, and hail the coming morn."

It shouted through the belfry-tower, 5  
"Awake, O bell! proclaim the hour."

It crossed the churchyard with a sigh,  
And said, "Not yet! in quiet lie."

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### **The Fiftieth Birthday of Agassiz**

May 28, 1857

It was fifty years ago  
In the pleasant month of May, 10  
In the beautiful Pays de Vaud,  
A child in its cradle lay.

And Nature, the old nurse, took  
The child upon her knee,  
Saying: "Here is a story-book 15  
Thy Father has written for thee.

"Come, wander with me," she said,  
"Into regions yet untrod;  
And read what is still unread  
In the manuscripts of God." 20



And he wandered away and away  
With Nature, the dear old nurse,  
Who sang to him night and day  
The rhymes of the universe.

5 And whenever the way seemed long,  
Or his heart began to fail,  
She would sing a more wonderful song,  
Or tell a more marvelous tale.

10 So she keeps him still a child,  
And will not let him go,  
Though at times his heart beats wild  
For the beautiful Pays de Vaud ;

15 Though at times he hears in his dreams  
The Ranz des Vaches of old,  
And the rush of mountain streams  
From glaciers clear and cold ;

20 And the mother at home says, "Hark !  
For his voice I listen and yearn ;  
It is growing late and dark,  
And my boy does not return !"

## Hymn to the Night

I heard the trailing garments of the Night  
Sweep through her marble halls !  
I saw her sable skirts all fringed with light  
From the celestial walls !

I felt her presence, by its spell of might, 5  
Stoop o'er me from above ;  
The calm, majestic presence of the Night,  
As of the one I love.

I heard the sounds of sorrow and delight,  
The manifold, soft chimes, 10  
That fill the haunted chambers of the Night,  
Like some old poet's rhymes.

From the cool cisterns of the midnight air  
My spirit drank repose ;  
The fountain of perpetual peace flows there, — 15  
From those deep cisterns flows.

O holy Night ! from thee I learn to bear  
What man has borne before !  
Thou layest thy finger on the lips of Care,  
And they complain no more. 20

Peace! Peace! Orestes-like I breathe this prayer!  
Descend with broad-winged flight,  
The welcome, the thrice-prayed for, the most fair,  
The best-beloved Night!

---

## JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

AMERICA, 1819-1891

## Longing

5       Of all the myriad moods of mind  
          That through the soul come thronging,  
          Which one was e'er so dear, so kind,  
          So beautiful as Longing?  
          The thing we long for, that we are  
10       For one transcendent moment,  
          Before the Present poor and bare  
          Can make its sneering comment.

          Still, through our paltry stir and strife,  
          Glows down the wished Ideal,  
15       And Longing molds in clay what Life  
          Carves in the marble Real;  
          To let the new life in, we know,  
          Desire must ope the portal;  
          Perhaps the longing to be so  
20       Helps make the soul immortal.

Longing is God's fresh heavenward will  
With our poor earthward striving;  
We quench it that we may be still  
Content with merely living:  
But, would we learn that heart's full scope      5  
Which we are hourly wronging,  
Our lives must climb from hope to hope  
And realize our longing.

Ah! let us hope that to our praise  
Good God not only reckons      10  
The moments when we tread His ways,  
But when the spirit beckons, —  
That some slight good is also wrought  
Beyond self-satisfaction,  
When we are simply good in thought,      15  
Howe'er we fail in action.

---

### The Finding of the Lyre

There lay upon the ocean's shore  
What once a tortoise served to cover.  
A year and more, with rush and roar,  
The surf had rolled it over,      20  
Had played with it, and flung it by,  
As wind and weather might decide it,  
Then tossed it high where sand-drifts dry  
Cheap burial might provide it.

It rested there to bleach or tan,  
The rains had soaked, the suns had burned it;  
With many a ban the fisherman  
Had stumpled o'er and spurned it;  
5 And there the fisher-girl would stay,  
Conjecturing with her brother  
How in their play the poor estray  
Might serve some use or other.

So there it lay, through wet and dry,  
10 As empty as the last new sonnet,  
Till by and by came Mercury,  
And, having mused upon it,  
"Why, here," cried he, "the thing of things  
In shape, material, and dimensions!  
15 Give it but strings, and lo, it sings,  
A wonderful invention!"

So said, so done; the chords he strained,  
And, as his fingers o'er them hovered,  
The shell disdained, a soul had gained,  
20 The lyre had been discovered.  
O empty world that round us lies,  
Dead shell, of soul and thought forsaken,  
Brought we but eyes like Mercury's,  
In thee what songs should waken!

JOHN BURROUGHS

AMERICA, 1837-

Waiting<sup>1</sup>

Serene, I fold my hands and wait,  
Nor care for wind, or tide, or sea;  
I rave no more 'gainst time or fate,  
For lo! my own shall come to me.

I stay my haste, I make delays, 5  
For what avails this eager pace?  
I stand amid the eternal ways,  
And what is mine shall know my face.

Asleep, awake, by night or day,  
The friends I seek are seeking me; 10  
No wind can drive my bark astray,  
Or change the tide of destiny.

What matter if I stand alone?  
I wait with joy the coming years;  
My heart shall reap where it has sown, 15  
And garner up its fruit of tears.

<sup>1</sup> Used by courteous permission of the publishers, Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin, & Co., Boston.

The waters know their own, and draw  
The brook that springs in yonder height;  
So flows the good with equal law  
Unto the soul of pure delight.

- 5      The stars come nightly to the sky;  
        The tidal wave unto the sea;  
Nor time, nor space, nor deep, nor high,  
        Can keep my own away from me.
- 

HENRY HOLCOMB BENNETT

AMERICA, 1863-

### The Flag Goes By

- Hats off!
- 10      Along the street there comes  
        A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums,  
        A flash of color beneath the sky:  
        Hats off!  
        The flag is passing by!
- 15      Blue and crimson and white it shines,  
        Over the steel-tipped, ordered lines.  
        Hats off!  
        The colors before us fly;  
        But more than the flag is passing by.

Sea-fights and land-fights, grim and great,  
Fought to make and to save the State :  
Weary marches and sinking ships ;  
Cheers of victory on dying lips ;

Days of plenty and years of peace ; 5  
March of a strong land's swift increase ;  
Equal justice, right and law,  
Stately honor and reverend awe ;

Sign of a nation, great and strong  
To ward her people from foreign wrong : 10  
Pride and glory and honor, — all  
Live in the colors to stand or fall.

Hats off !  
Along the street there comes  
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums ; 15  
And loyal hearts are beating high :  
Hats off !  
The flag is passing by !



## JOHN VANCE CHENEY

AMERICA, 1848-

Evening Songs <sup>1</sup>

## I

The birds have hid, the winds are low,  
The brake is awake, the grass aglow :  
The bat is the rover,  
No bee on the clover,  
5 The day is over,  
And evening come.

The heavy beetle spreads her wings  
The toad has the road, the cricket sings :  
The bat is the rover,  
10 No bee on the clover,  
The day is over,  
And evening come.

## II

It is that pale, delaying hour  
When nature closes like a flower,  
15 And on the spirit lies,  
The silence of the earth and skies.

<sup>1</sup> From "Poems," published by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin, & Co., Boston.

The world has thoughts she will not own  
When shade and dream with night have flown;  
Bright overhead, a star  
Makes golden guesses what they are.

## III

Now is Light, sweet mother, down the west, 5  
With little Song against her breast;  
She took him up, all tired with play,  
And fondly bore him far away.

While he sleeps, one wanders in his stead,  
A fainter glory round her head; 10  
She follows happy waters after,  
Leaving behind low, rippling laughter.

## IV

Behind the hilltop drops the sun,  
The curled heat falters on the sand,  
While evening's ushers, one by one, 15  
Lead in the guests of Twilight Land.

The bird is silent overhead,  
Below the beast has laid him down;  
Afar, the marbles watch the dead,  
The lonely steeple guards the town. 20

The south wind feels its amorous course  
To cloistered sweet in thickets found;  
The leaves obey its tender force,  
And stir 'twixt silence and a sound.

---

BLISS CARMAN

CANADA, 1861-

**A Vagabond Song<sup>1</sup>**

There is something in the Autumn that is native to  
5 my blood —

Touch of manner, hint of mood;

And my heart is like a rhyme,

With the yellow and the purple and the crimson keep-  
ing time.

The scarlet of the maples can shake me like a cry  
10 Of bugles going by.

And my lonely spirit thrills

To see the frosty asters like smoke upon the hills.

There is something in October sets the gypsy blood astir;  
We must rise and follow her,

15 When from every hill of fame

She calls and calls each vagabond by name.

<sup>1</sup> From "Songs from Vagabondia," by Bliss Carman. Used by the courteous permission of the author and the publishers, Messrs. Small, Maynard, & Co.

## APPENDIX: BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES

### ENGLISH AUTHORS

**Geoffrey Chaucer**, the father of English poetry, was born in London in 1340. The colleges of Oxford and Cambridge both claim him as a student. He enjoyed the favor of King Edward the Third, and passed much of his time at court. In 1386 he was made a knight, and during the latter part of his life he received an annual pension. He died in 1400. His writings are in a language so different from modern English that many persons cannot enjoy their beauties. His principal poems are "Canterbury Tales," "The Legend of Good Women," "The Court of Love," and "Troilus and Cressida."

**Edmund Spenser** was born in London about 1553. He was graduated at Cambridge in 1576, and soon after wrote "The Shepherd's Calendar." Sir Philip Sidney and Sir Walter Raleigh were his friends and patrons. In 1598 Spenser was appointed a sheriff in Ireland, and not long afterward in a rebellion his property was destroyed and his child killed. He did not long survive this calamity. His best-known poem is "The Faery Queen."

**The reign of Queen Elizabeth** is often called the Golden Age of English literature. Not only did Spenser and Shakespeare live then, but a large number of minor poets also rendered the period illustrious. Among the dramatic poets Christopher Marlowe, Beaumont and Fletcher, who wrote together, and Ben Jonson hold an honorable position. The most noted lyric poets of the day were George Herbert, Sir Walter Raleigh, and Sir Philip Sidney.

**William Shakespeare**, the greatest of English poets, was born at Stratford-on-Avon in April, 1564. He is supposed to have been educated at the free school of Stratford. When he was about twenty-two, he went to London, and after a hard struggle with poverty, he became first an actor, then a successful playwright and theater manager. Having gained not only fame but a modest fortune, he retired in 1611 to live at ease in Stratford until his death in 1616. Besides the two long poems, "Venus and Adonis" and "Lucrece," which first won popularity for him, he has written thirty-seven plays, ranging from the lightest comedy, through romance and historical narrative, to the darkest tragedy. Whatever form his verse takes, — sonnet, song, or dramatic poetry, — it shows the touch of the master hand, the inspiration of the master mind. Of his plays those which are still most frequently acted are the tragedies "Hamlet," "Macbeth," "King Lear," and "Othello," the comedies "Midsummer-night's Dream," "The Merchant of Venice," "As You Like It," and "The Comedy of Errors," and the historical plays "Julius Caesar," "King Henry IV," "King Henry V," and "Richard III."

**Ben Jonson** was born at Westminster, England, about 1573. He was the friend of Shakespeare and a famous dramatist in his day, but his plays no longer hold the stage. His best play is "Every Man in his Humour." His songs and short poems are beautiful. He died in 1637. His tomb in Westminster Abbey is inscribed "O Rare Ben Jonson!"

**George Herbert** was born in Montgomery Castle, Wales, April 3, 1593. He was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge. Later he studied for the ministry and was appointed vicar of Bremerton. His "Sacred Poems" are noted for their purity and beauty of sentiment. He died in 1633.

**John Milton** was born in London, December 9, 1608. He was educated at Christ's College, Cambridge. Later he spent a year in travel, meeting the great Galileo while in Italy. He was an ardent advocate of freedom, and under the Protectorate he was the secretary of the Protector, Oliver Cromwell. When only

forty-six, he became totally blind, yet his greatest work was done after this misfortune overtook him. As a poet he stands second only to Shakespeare. His early poems, "Comus," "L'Allegro," "Il Penseroso," and "Lycidas," are very beautiful, and his "Paradise Lost" is the finest epic poem in the English language. He died in 1674.

The minor poets of the age of Milton were Edmund Waller, Robert Herrick, George Wither, Sir John Suckling, and Sir Richard Lovelace.

John Dryden was born August 9, 1631. He was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge. His poem in honor of the restoration of Charles II won him the position of Poet Laureate. His best-known works are the poetic "Translation of Virgil's *Æneid*," "Alexander's Feast," "The Hind and the Panther," and the drama "The Indian Emperor." He died in 1700.

The reign of Queen Anne was rendered brilliant by the writings of Alexander Pope, Joseph Addison, Edward Young, James Thompson, William Collins, Sir Richard Steele, Jonathan Swift, and Daniel Defoe. Not only were the poems of this period beautiful, but prose also reached a high development.

Joseph Addison was born at Milston, England, May 1, 1672. He completed his education at Queen's and Magdalen colleges, Oxford. He entered the diplomatic service and rose steadily, becoming one of the two principal secretaries of state two years before his death. He attained a higher political position than any other writer has ever achieved through his literary ability. With Steele he published *The Tatler*, and later *The Spectator*, at first a daily paper and afterward a tri-weekly one. He was a master of English prose, and his poems are elevated and serious in style. He died in 1719.

Isaac Watts was born at Southampton, July 17, 1674. He studied for the ministry. He wrote nearly five hundred hymns besides his "Divine and Moral Songs for Children." Many of his hymns are still favorites. He died in 1748.

**Alexander Pope** was born in London, May 21, 1688. Sickly and deformed, he was unable to attend school, but he was nevertheless a great student. His writings are witty and satirical. His best-known poems are "Essay on Man," "Translation of the Iliad," "Essay on Criticism," and "The Rape of the Lock." He died in 1744.

**Thomas Gray** was born in London in 1716. He was educated at Eton, and Peter-House College, Cambridge. He lived all his life at Cambridge, ultimately being appointed professor of Modern History. His most famous poem is the "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard." He died in 1771.

**William Cowper** was born at Great Berkhamstead, England, November 26, 1731. He was educated at Westminster School, and studied law at the Middle Temple, being called to the bar in 1754. He was very delicate and afflicted with nervousness that amounted to insanity at times. Not until 1780 did he seriously begin his literary career. Then for a period of a little more than ten years he worked with success and was happy. His most famous poems are "John Gilpin," "The Task," "Hope," and "Lines on my Mother's Portrait." In the latter part of his life his nervous melancholy again affected him. He died in 1800.

**Robert Burns** was born at Ayr in Scotland, January 25, 1759. He was the son of a poor farmer, and he himself followed the plow in his earlier days. He was about to seek his fortune in America when his first volume of poems was published and won him fame at once. His style is simple and sincere, with a fire of intensity. His best poems are "Tam o'Shanter" and "The Cottar's Saturday Night." He died July 21, 1796.

**William Wordsworth** was born at Cockermouth, in Cumberland, England, on April 7, 1770. He completed his education at St. John's College, Cambridge, taking his degree of B.A. in 1791. He was appointed Poet Laureate in 1843, succeeding Robert Southey. He is the poet of nature and of simple life. Among his best-known poems are "The Ode to Immortality," "The Excursion," and "Yarrow Revisited." He died April 23, 1850.

**Sir Walter Scott** was born in Edinburgh, August 15, 1771. He was educated at Edinburgh University and afterward studied law in his father's office. His energy and tireless work were marvelous. He followed the practice of his profession until he was appointed Clerk of Session. His official duties were scrupulously performed, yet his literary work surpasses in volume and ability that of any of his contemporaries. Novelist, historian, poet, he excelled in whatever style of literature he attempted. His best-known poems are "The Lady of the Lake," "Marmion," and "The Lay of the Last Minstrel." He died in 1832.

**Robert Southey** was born at Bristol, August 12, 1774. He was expelled from Westminster School for writing an article against school flogging. Later he studied at Balliol College, Oxford. He was an incessant worker, laboring at all branches of literature, from his famous nursery story, "The Three Bears," to "The Life of Nelson." He was appointed Laureate in 1813. His most successful long poems are "Thalaba" and "The Curse of Kehama." He died in 1843.

**Thomas Campbell** was born in Glasgow, Scotland, in 1777. He was educated at the university of his native town, and he was regarded as its most brilliant scholar; in his later life he was elected Lord Rector of the university. His best-known poems are "The Pleasures of Hope," "Gertrude of Wyoming," and "Ye Mariners of England." He died in 1844.

**Thomas Moore** was born in Dublin, Ireland, in 1779. He was educated at Trinity College, and afterward studied law at the Middle Temple, London. "Lalla Rookh" and his "Irish Melodies" have won for him a lasting fame as a poet. He died February 26, 1852.

**James Henry Leigh Hunt** was born near London in 1784. He left school when only fifteen to become a clerk in the War Office, where he remained until 1808, when he and his brother published *The Examiner*. From that time he was occupied as an editor and writer, being connected with different periodicals. He was the intimate friend of Byron, Moore, Shelley, and Keats. One of his



best poems, "Rimini," was written in prison, where he was condemned to remain for two years because he had published a satirical article about the prince regent. In his later years a pension of two hundred pounds was granted him. He died August 28, 1859.

**George Gordon Noel, Lord Byron**, was born in London, January 22, 1788. He studied at Trinity College, Cambridge, but did not remain to take his degree. While at the university he published a volume of poems, "Hours of Idleness," which he followed shortly by the satirical poem "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," which won him immediate recognition. He wrote many dramatic poems, but his most beautiful work is "Childe Harold." He was the friend of Shelley and Leigh Hunt, and together they published *The Liberal*. In 1823 he joined the Greeks in their struggle for freedom, and the exposure and exertion that he suffered in this war brought on the fever of which he died in April, 1824.

**Percy Bysshe Shelley** was born at Field Place, England, August 4, 1792. He was entered at University College, Oxford, but was shortly expelled as an atheist. His life was a sad one, his first marriage was unhappy, and he was drowned when only thirty years old, in July, 1822. His longest and best works are "The Cenci," "Prometheus Unbound," "The Revolt of Islam," and "Adonais," an elegy on the death of his friend, the poet Keats, near whom he was buried.

**John Keats** was born in London, England, in 1795 or 1796. His poem "Endymion" was criticised severely in the *Quarterly Review*. Keats was so sensitive that this criticism is supposed to have aggravated his malady, and thus to be responsible for his early death. Among his other poems may be noted "Hyperion," "Lamia," and "The Eve of St. Agnes." He died at Rome in 1821.

**Thomas Hood** was born in London, England, May 23, 1799. His humorous verses first attracted attention, but his serious poems have given him a lasting place in literature. Among these are "The Song of the Shirt," "The Bridge of Sighs," "Eugene Aram," and "Ode to Melancholy." He died in 1845.

**Thomas Babington, Lord Macaulay**, was born in Leicestershire, October 25, 1800. He was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, and studied law. He disliked his profession, greatly preferring literature. In 1830 he entered Parliament and was made Secretary of War in 1839. He was elected Lord Rector of Glasgow University and was raised to the peerage in 1857. He died in 1859. His best-known poems are "Ivry" and "The Lays of Ancient Rome."

The reign of **Queen Victoria** from a literary standpoint is second only to that of Elizabeth in brilliancy. The Victorian Age is usually applied to the whole century, during the better part of which Victoria reigned. The literature of this age is rich with the writings of Robert Browning, Alfred Tennyson, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Algernon Charles Swinburne, Dante Gabriel Rossetti and his sister Christina, William Morris, Matthew Arnold, Edwin Arnold, Jean Ingelow, Owen Meredith, Arthur Hugh Clough, Adelaide Procter, and a host of minor poets.

**Alfred, Lord Tennyson**, was born at Somersby, August 6, 1809. He was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge. His first book of poems, written with his brother Charles, was published two years before he entered college; from that time until his death his literary work was continuous. In 1850 he succeeded Wordsworth as Poet Laureate, and thirty-four years later was raised to the peerage. His poems cover a wide range—lyrics, ballads, idyls, and dramas. His most important works are "The Princess," "In Memoriam," "Maud," and "The Idylls of the King." He died in 1892.

**Elizabeth Barrett Browning** was born at Durham, England, March 6, 1809. She was highly educated and was proficient in both Greek and Latin. She wrote her first verses at the age of ten, and her first volume of poems was published when she was but seventeen years old. In 1846 she was married to the poet Robert Browning. Her first known works are "Aurora Leigh," a novel in verse, "The Portuguese Sonnets," "Casa Guidi Windows," and "The Cry of the Children," a poem written to show the wretchedness of the little children employed in the mines

and factories of England. She died at Florence, Italy, in June, 1861.

**Robert Browning** was born in Camberwell, England, in 1812. He was educated at the University of London. He married Elizabeth Barrett, the poet, and together they lived much of their time in Italy. They were deeply interested in the struggle of Italy for freedom, and both wrote on this subject. In his long life Browning wrote many volumes of poems, and it is difficult to choose among them. "The Pied Piper of Hamelin" is always a favorite with the young people, as are "How they brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix," "Herve Riel," and "Ratisbon." His most popular poems are "Pippa Passes," "The Ring and the Book," "A Blot on the 'Scutcheon," and "Saul." He died in 1889.

**Marian Evans**, who wrote under the name of George Eliot, was born at Aubury Farm, near Nuneaton, England, November 22, 1819. She was carefully educated and was a most earnest student. While her poems are beautiful, her best work is in prose; and she ranks as one of England's greatest novelists. Her most famous novels are "Adam Bede," "The Mill on the Floss," "Silas Marner," and "Middlemarch." She married Mr. John Cross, in May, 1880, and died December 22 of the same year.

**Jean Ingelow** was born at Boston, England, in 1820. She is known both as a poet and novelist. Her best-known poems are "Songs of Seven" and "The High Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire." She died in 1897.

**Matthew Arnold**, son of Thomas Arnold of Rugby, was born at Laleham, England, December 24, 1822. He was educated at Rugby and Oxford. In 1857 he was elected professor of Poetry at Oxford. He is chiefly noted for his essays, though his poems are lofty in sentiment and polished in diction. "Sohrab and Rustum" is his most important poem. He died in 1888.

**Dinah Maria Mulock Craik** was born in Staffordshire, England, in 1826. She won her fame as a writer of novels, of which the best is "John Halifax, Gentleman." She died in 1887.

**William Morris** was born in Walthamstow, March 24, 1834. He was educated at Exeter College, Oxford. Before he was thirty years old he founded an establishment for the manufacture of artistic materials for household decoration. His work in this direction has improved the beauty of all household fabrics, and has affected the taste in household art in both England and America. Nevertheless he is best known as a poet. His finest poems are "The Earthly Paradise," a series of Norse legends, "Three Northern Stones," translated from Icelandic poems, and his translations of "The Odyssey." He died in 1896.

**Algernon Charles Swinburne** was born in London, April 5, 1837. He was educated partly in France, at Eton, and at Balliol College, Oxford. He left the University without a degree to spend several years in travel. He is a master of English, using a wider vocabulary than any of his contemporaries, and the musical effects of his many varied meters have won for him a unique position in poetry. He has been called "the greatest metrical inventor in English literature." His works in French and Latin show him to be a poet in three languages. His best-known works are "Poems and Ballads," "Songs before Sunrise," and "Mary Stuart." He is the greatest living English poet.

**Dante Gabriel Rossetti** was born in London, May 12, 1828. He studied art in the antique school of the Royal Academy, and became known as an artist before he won fame as a poet. His most widely known poem is "The Blessed Damozel." He died in 1882.

**Christina Georgina Rossetti**, the sister of D. G. Rossetti, was born in London, December 5, 1830. She ranks as one of the greatest and most spiritual of English poetesses.

**Sir Edwin Arnold** was born in Sussex, June 10, 1832. He was educated at King's College, London, and at University College, Oxford. He was appointed principal of the Government Sanscrit College at Poonah, India, and Fellow of the University of Bombay, and held these posts through the Sepoy Rebellion. Returning to London in 1861, he was one of the editors of the *Daily Telegraph*, and through his influence Henry M. Stanley undertook his first

expedition into Africa to find Livingstone. Nearly all of his poetry deals with Oriental legends, and much of his time was spent in India and Japan. His principal works are "The Light of Asia," "Pearls of the Faith," "Indian Song of Songs," "Japonica," and "The Light of the World."

**Rudyard Kipling** was born in Bombay, India, December 30, 1865. He was educated partly in England, but returned to India when he was only fifteen, and there began his literary work and first won fame. His writings are mainly in prose, and he is at his best when writing of India. His poems are all short, and "The Recessional" and "The Dove of Dacca" are especially fine. In prose the "Jungle Books," "The Naulakha," and "Kim" are the most popular.

Among the minor poets of the Victorian Age may be mentioned the following: —

**John Henry, Cardinal Newman**, 1801–1890. Author of many volumes of sermons and the hymn "Lead Kindly Light."

**Henry Francis Lyte**, 1793–1847. Author of many hymns, the most popular of which is "Abide with Me."

**Alfred Domett**, 1811–1887. Author of "Christmas Hymn."

**Arthur Hugh Clough**, 1819–1861. Author of "Bothie of Tober-na-vuolich."

**Charles Mackay**, 1814–1889. Author of many songs, among them "There is a Good Time Coming" and "Cheer, Boys, Cheer!"

## AMERICAN AUTHORS

In the early days of this country the time and thought of the settlers were taken up in struggling with the difficulties of their surroundings, so that there was little opportunity for the establishment of an American literature. For art, poetry, and the beautiful in life, the colonists naturally turned to the mother country — to the home which they had so lately left. During the period before the French and Indian War the subject of religion and nice points of doctrine filled the minds of the Americans, hence we find that the first American writer who attained to a European reputation

was the Rev. Jonathan Edwards, a distinguished divine and president of Princeton College. His books on "The Religious Affections" and "The Freedom of the Will" are still studied.

After the French and Indian War, politics became the absorbing topic of the day, and Benjamin Franklin was the first to achieve fame in this field of letters. His writings in "Poor Richard's Almanac," honest and wholesome in tone, exercised a marked influence upon the literature of his time. Among the orators who won distinction in the discussion of civil liberty are James Otis, John and Samuel Adams, and Patrick Henry. The writings of John Jay, Alexander Hamilton, and James Madison in *The Federalist* secured the adoption of the Constitution and survive to this day as brilliant examples of political essays, while the state papers of George Washington and Thomas Jefferson are models of clearness and elegance of style.

With the peace and prosperity that followed the establishment of our republic came the opportunity to cultivate the broader fields of literature. Relieved of the strain of the struggle for civil and religious liberty, the people could satisfy their inclinations toward the beautiful in art and life, and from that time until the present day the writers of America have held their own in the front ranks of the authors of the English-speaking peoples.

**Joseph Rodman Drake**, the first American poet to win distinction, was born in New York City in 1795. He was educated in Columbia College. He died prematurely when only twenty-five years old. His best-known poems are "The Culprit Fay" and "The American Flag." He was the intimate friend of Fitz-Greene Halleck, the Connecticut poet, author of "Marco Bozzaris." The last four lines of Drake's "American Flag" were written by Fitz-Greene Halleck.

**William Cullen Bryant** was born in Cummington, Massachusetts, November 3, 1794. He was educated at Williams College. He studied law and was admitted to the bar. His first poem was published when he was thirteen. His best-known poem, "Thanatopsis," was written when he was only nineteen and delivered at his college

commencement. After practicing law for a short time, he became editor of *The Evening Post* and continued this work until his death. When he was seventy-two, he began his translation of Homer, which occupied him for six years. He died in 1878.

**Ralph Waldo Emerson** was born in Boston, May 20, 1803. He studied at Harvard College, and after a period of teaching, became pastor of a Unitarian church in Boston for a short time. Later he settled in Concord, spending his time in writing and lecturing in this country and England. He was the founder of what has been called "The Concord School of Philosophy." His best-known poems are "The Concord Hymn," "Rhodora," "The Snow Storm," "Each and All," "The Days," and "The Humble Bee." He died in 1882.

**Henry Wadsworth Longfellow** was born in Portland, Maine, February 27, 1807. He was educated at Bowdoin College and, after a period of study abroad, was appointed professor of Foreign Languages there. This position he gave up to become professor of Modern Languages and Literature at Harvard College. At Cambridge he was a friend of Hawthorne, Holmes, Emerson, Lowell, and Alcott. His best-known long poems are "Evangeline," "Hiawatha," "The Building of the Ship," and "The Courtship of Miles Standish." He made a fine translation of Dante's "Divine Comedy." Among his many short poems, "Excelsior," "The Psalm of Life," "The Wreck of the Hesperus," "The Village Blacksmith," and "Paul Revere's Ride" are continuously popular. He died in 1882. He was the first American writer who was honored by a memorial in Westminster Abbey.

**John Greenleaf Whittier** was born near Haverhill, Massachusetts, December 17, 1807. He was educated in the public school, working at the same time on his father's farm or at making shoes. Having left the academy, he devoted himself to literature. He was an ardent abolitionist, and many of his poems are written to aid the cause of freedom in which he was so deeply interested. His best-known poems are "Snow-Bound," "Barbara Frietchie," "Maude Muller," and "Voices of Freedom." He died in 1892.

**Edgar Allan Poe** was born in Boston, Massachusetts, January 19, 1809. The story of his life is as melancholy as was his genius. Wild, dissipated, reckless, he was dismissed from West Point. He alienated his best friends and lived the greatest part of his life in the deepest poverty, dying in 1849 from the effects of dissipation and exposure. His best poems are "The Raven," "The Bells," and "Annabel Lee."

**Oliver Wendell Holmes** was born in Cambridge, Massachusetts, August 29, 1809. He was educated at Harvard College and studied medicine, spending two years in the hospitals of Europe. He was successively professor of Anatomy and Physiology at Dartmouth College, a physician in regular practice in Boston, and professor of anatomy at Harvard College—this position he held from 1847 to 1882. He was nearly fifty before he became widely known as a writer, when "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" was published. He was successful as essayist, novelist, poet, a kindly wit playing through much of his work. His best-known poems are "Old Ironsides," "The Chambered Nautilus," "The One-hoss Shay," "The Last Leaf," and "The Boys." He died in 1894.

**James Russell Lowell** was born in Cambridge, Massachusetts, February 22, 1819. He was educated at Harvard College. He succeeded Longfellow as professor of Modern Languages and Literature at Harvard. He was also editor of the *Atlantic Monthly* and of the *North American Review*. He was appointed minister to Spain and later to England, where he was our ambassador for five years. His best-known poems are "The Vision of Sir Launfal," "Commemoration Ode," "The Biglow Papers," "The Present Crisis," and "The First Snowfall." He died in 1891.

**Walt Whitman** was born in West Hills, Long Island, May 31, 1819. He was unable to go to college. He served in various occupations, teacher, printer, writer, until in the great Civil War he volunteered as a war nurse. His exertions and exposure in this work destroyed his health, so that most of his remaining years he was dependent upon his friends. His most beautiful poem is



"O Captain, My Captain," written after the assassination of Lincoln. He died in 1892.

**Cincinnatus Heine Miller**, who wrote under the name of Joaquin Miller, was born in Indiana in 1841. While yet a boy he went to Oregon and later to California, where he led a wild life among the miners, fighting the Indians, practicing law, and becoming a county judge. After several years in Europe and New York, he settled down as a fruit grower in California. He wrote "Songs of the Sierras," "Songs of the Sun-Lands," and "The Ship in the Desert."

Among the minor American poets the following are worthy of note: —

Francis Scott Key, 1779–1843. "The Star-Spangled Banner."

Emma Hart Willard, 1787–1870. "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep."

John Howard Payne, 1792–1852. "Home Sweet Home."

Josiah Gilbert Holland, 1819–1881. "Bittersweet."

Julia Ward Howe, 1819– . "The Battle Hymn of the Republic."

Alice Cary, 1820–1871. Phœbe Cary, 1824–1871. Joint authors of several volumes of poems. "Order for a Picture," A. C. "Nearer Home," P. C.

Thomas Buchanan Read, 1822–1872. "Drifting," "Sheridan's Ride."

John Burroughs, naturalist, 1837– . "Waiting."

Edward Rowland Sill, 1841–1887. "The Fool's Prayer," "Opportunity."

Sidney Lanier, 1842–1881. "The Song of the Chattahoochee," "The Marshes of Glynn," "A Song of the Future."

John Vance Cheney, 1848– . "Thistle Drift," "Wood Blooms," "Evening Songs."

James Whitcomb Riley, 1853– . "Rhymes of Childhood."

Eugene Field, 1850–1895. "With Trumpet and Drum," and "Love Songs of Childhood."





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